SLIMER!

"Class Clown"

#166019A

(SCRIPT)

FIRST DRAFT
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DIC ENTERPRISES, INC.

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - HIGH ANGLE ON STREET - DAY

TILT DOWN and PUSH IN on CATHERINE, DONALD and JASON, carrying schoolbooks, walking up the block. A green shape ENTERS FRAME in f.g. from below. It's Slimer.

ON THE STREET - REVERSE ANGLE UP

Slimer ZOOMS down from a rooftop toward the Jr. Ghostbusters.

SLIMER
Hey guys! Wait for me!

Catherine, Jason and Donald stop as Slimer arrives.

SLIMER
C'n I go to school?

JASON
No, Slimer. No ghosts allowed in school!

DONALD
We've got to practice our act for the school talent show today.
(shows Slimer a manila envelope)
We've got to learn these lines.

CATHERINE
(giggles)
Besides, Old Stoneface would have a fit if she saw you!

ON SLIMER

He holds his face in sympathy.

SLIMER
Ouch! Stone face! Does it hurt?

ANGLE FEATURING THE KIDS

They grin.

JASON
That's our nickname for the new school Security Guard, Mrs. Stone.

DONALD
She's got all the kids scared!

CATHERINE
And she never cracks a smile!

PULL BACK as a bus ROARS past the kids. They turn to look.

DONALD
That's our bus! See ya later, Slimer!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer sadly waves goodbye as they run off.

SLIMER
Bye-bye!

CLOSE ON THE KIDS - FROM BEHIND

As they board the bus, the manila envelope falls from under Donald's arm into the gutter.

FEATURING SLIMER

His eyes widen.

SLIMER
Uh-oh! Donald dropped something!

AT THE BUS STOP

The bus ROARS off as Slimer ENTERS FRAME. He looks down to see the envelope sail down the gutter toward a storm drain.

SLIMER

ZOOMS down, diving into the water in the gutter just as the envelope goes down the storm drain.

INT. STORM DRAIN

Slimer flies into the drain. He reaches for the envelope --

SLIMER
(echo efx)
Come here, you!

-- and misses again. Slimer dives into the water like a pelican going after a fish. A beat, and he comes up with the sopping envelope clutched in his fist.

SLIMER (CONT'D)
(echo efx)
Gotcha!

EXT. THE STREET - ON STORM DRAIN

Slimer ZOOMS out with the envelope.

SLIMER
(with a determined look)
I take it to Donald!

WIDEN as the little spud wrings out the envelope like a dishrag, and shakes it out like a blanket. He takes off.

WIPE TO:

EXT. REITMAN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A typical big-city school: a three story building with a playyard at one side. Kids hurry into the entrance.

INT. ENTRANCE

Donald, Jason and Catherine hurry in -- and pull up short as a towering shadow looms over them. They look up, frightened.

THEIR POV

It's MRS. STONE. She's built like a Sumo wrestler, with the face of a bulldog. She wears a police-style uniform and carries a clipboard. Her hands on her hips:

MRS. STONE
You're going to be LATE!

THE JR. GHOSTBUSTERS

DONALD, JASON, CATHERINE
(in unison)
Yes, Mrs. Stone!

They ease their way around Mrs. Stone and hurry off.

EXT. ENTRANCE

Slimer ZOOMS into FRAME and into the door --

SLIMER
Jason! Donald! Wai -- oof!

-- and runs smack into the uniformed bulk of Mrs. Stone. BOING! He bounces off her. She glares at this strange green thing.

MRS. STONE
Hold on, kid. I don't recognize you!
(she flips through her clipboard)
What's your name?

Slimer cringes.

SLIMER
S-S-Slimer!

Mrs. Stone frowns, shakes her head.

MRS. STONE
No kid named Slimer here. And I know there's no green kid in this school!
(points to the door)
OUT!

Slimer holds up the envelope.

SLIMER
But -- but -- but --

WIDER

Mrs. Stone hustles Slimer out the door. She gives him a shove:

MRS. STONE
And stay out!

FEATURING SLIMER

He turns and heads back in -- SPLAT! he runs into the door as Mrs. Stone slams it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He peels himself off the door.

SLIMER
Gotta find Donald!

With a determined look, he pockets the envelope and ROCKETS off.

WIPE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - AT A CORNER

Slimer TEARS around corner INTO FRAME. He aims himself like a missile and goes right through a wall of building.

INT. SCHOOL - ANGLE ON WALL

Just above some lockers is a school bell (the round kind with an electric clapper). Slimer POPS his head through the wall at the bell and looks around.

HIS POV

Mrs. Stone, clipboard in hand, stomps up the hall, which is lined with lockers on both sides.

RESUME SLIMER

He reacts and starts to pull back through the wall -- just as the BELL RINGS! The clapper hits Slimer on the head, and Slimer's head bangs on the bell BR-BR-BR-BR! very rapidly, sounding like a bell ringing underwater.

MRS. STONE

looks over -- and WE WIDEN as she sees Slimer's head bouncing back and forth as the BR-BR-BR-BR! continues. She reacts angrily.

MRS. STONE
Why, you little green sneak!

The BELL stops, and Mrs. Stone grabs Slimer with her free hand.

SLIMER
(SQUAWKS)

ANOTHER ANGLE

He slips out of her grasp and oozes into the vent of a nearby locker. Stoneface yanks open the locker door -- it's empty.

WIDER

As she stares into the locker, the door of the adjoining locker opens and Slimer pokes his head out! He waves at her.

SLIMER
Here I am!

He slams the door just as Mrs. Stone reaches for him. She bangs her hand on the door.

MRS. STONE
Ow! Just wait till I get my hands on you!

ANGLE FROM ACROSS HALL - ON MRS. STONE'S BACK

as she opens the lockers one by one and peers in. WIDEN as a locker on the other side of the hall opens a crack, and Slimer looks out. He opens door wider -- and the HINGES SQUEAK!

MRS. STONE

whirls to see Slimer trying to get out of locker.

MRS. STONE
Aha!

She hurriedly crosses the hall as Slimer closes door. She opens door -- and Slimer pulls it shut. She tugs on it -- and it opens to reveal an empty locker. A green hand ENTERS FRAME and opens the locker door next to it.

SLIMER (V.O.)
Not there! Maybe in here?

PULL BACK quickly to REVEAL Slimer hovering next to Stoneface! She grabs for him and he ZOOMS into the open locker and slams the door.

WIDE SHOT

Old Stoneface yanks open that door -- and Slimer pops out of another locker!

MRS. STONE
Just wait till your parents hear about this!

She starts to open locker -- and Slimer taps her on the shoulder from behind!

SLIMER
Here I am!

MRS. STONE

turns red in the face -- and starts chasing Slimer down the hall.

MRS. STONE
Why you....!

They disappear around a corner.

INT. A HALLWAY - AT A CLASSROOM DOOR

Slimer comes ZOOMING down the hall, SKIDS to a stop in front of door, then slides under it.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Tables filled with lab equipment, posters of the periodic table of elements, and formulas written on blackboard identify it for us. Slimer rises INTO FRAME and looks around, calling softly:

SLIMER
(sotto voce)
Donald? Catherine? Jason?

He moves back toward the door -- and bumps into a skeleton hanging on a hook! Slimer turns quickly...then smiles. he grasps the skeleton's hand and shakes it.

SLIMER
Alfred! Good t'see ya!

Slimer puts his finger to his lips.

SLIMER (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Shhh! Somebody after me!

He leans his ear against the door as WE HEAR the THUMP-THUMP of feet approaching and,

MRS. STONE (V.O.)
Where is that little green kid....?

Slimer ZOOMS over to a lab table with some empty test tubes in a rack on it. He dives into a test tube.

CLOSE ON SLIMER

all squished up, crammed into the test tube. The FOOTSTEPS fade, Slimer POPS out, and wipes his forehead.

SLIMER
(SIGHS)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer sees a glass case containing five large green frogs. They're jumping up, trying to get out.

CLOSER

Slimer goes and presses his face up against the glass, squishing his features.

SLIMER
(sympathetic)
Awww, poor frogs. You wanna get out?

WIDER

Slimer pulls and tugs -- and tilts the glass case over on its side. The frogs hop out joyously.

FROGS
(HAPPY CROAKS)
Ribbit! Ribbit! Ribbit!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The frogs hop to the end of the table, near an open window, as Slimer smiles at them. They leap up, and slap Slimer's hand in a "high five" gesture, before hopping out the window.

SLIMER
(as the frogs pass)
You're welcome! You're welcome!

EXT. THE SCHOOL BUILDING

A row of bushes covers the ground directly under the building's windows. Old Stoneface walks along, looking under the bushes.

OLD STONEFACE
That green kid's here <u>somewhere</u> --

A NOISE like a RUSTLING BUSH makes her look up.

HER POV

Something green leaps out of a window and into a bush a few yards away.

OLD STONEFACE (V.O.)
Aha!

She GAINS INTO FRAME, heading for the bush.

ANGLE ON THE BUSH

It moves, as if something was in it. Old Stoneface ENTERS FRAME and dives into the bush.

MRS. STONE
Gotcha!

PUSH IN as she grabs SOMETHING green and slimy. She sits up, her uniform covered with dirt, her hair disheveled, and lifts out -- a frog.

FROG
(CROAKS)
Ribbit!

MRS. STONE
Awwwk!

She throws it back into the bush and wipes her hands on her uniform in disgust.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Empty except for an automatic ball serving machine (like a cannon) at one end. Slimer ENTERS FRAME and looks around.

SLIMER
Donald? You here?

MRS. STONE (V.O.)
I see you!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer turns to see Old Stoneface heading for the tennis court.

SLIMER
Uh-oh!

WIDEN as he looks desperately for a place to hide. He dives into the bin-like ball container of the serving machine, filled with green tennis balls. The machine jerks, clicks, and HUMS into life, pivoting its cannon snout.

MRS. STONE

enters the court and slams the gate behind her. Triumphant:

MRS. STONE
Now I've got you....

She looks around, and WE ADJUST TO SHOW the ball server aiming its cannon snout: PTOW! PTOW! it fires two tennis balls right next to Mrs. Stone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mrs. Stone ducks, and moves back. The machine fires again. PTOW! Then faster. PTOW! PTOW!

IN BALL BIN

Slimer's getting sucked into the maw of the machine as it fires faster and faster. PTOW! PTOW!

RESUME MRS. STONE - POV OF THE BALL SERVER

She's ducking as the machine seemingly takes aim at her as it fires more and more rapidly. PTOW! PUSH IN as she grabs a tennis racket and starts hitting back the balls.

WIDER

the balls are coming thick and fast, and Stoneface is a blur as she alternately ducks and hits the balls. PTOW! PTOW! PTOW!

ON MOUTH OF THE CANNON SNOUT

FOLLOW as a darker green ball comes flying out, toward Old Stoneface. She swings -- and SPLAT! The "ball," which was a balled-up Slimer, goes right through her racket in a grid pattern and slimes her.

MRS. STONE
Yuch!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer peels off of her and shrugs apologetically.

SLIMER
Sorry!

Mrs. Stone wipes the slime off her face, and grabs for Slimer.

OLD STONEFACE
I'll make you sorry, you --

But Slimer's gone, ZOOMING up and OUT OF FRAME. WIDEN as Old Stoneface goes off in pursuit.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - DAY

A low concrete building, from which the NOISE of PRINTING PRESSES can be heard. Slimer rockets INTO FRAME, looking around wildly. He enters the building.

INT. PRINT SHOP

An old-fashioned platen letter press works away, printing some school flyers. They stack themselves on a table at the delivery end of the press in a neat pile.

MRS. STONE (V.O.)
Come back here, you slimy green piece of yuck!

Slimer ZOOMS INTO FRAME and down into the press.

CLOSER - ON THE PRESS

It begins to print faster. Printed paper flies out the delivery end. Slimer gets caught in the rollers and gears and goes around and through them (remember Chaplin in Modern Times?).

SLIMER
(YELLS)
Yiiiiiii!

ON PAPER DELIVERY

Paper comes out wildly as the press goes crazy. TILT DOWN to show that the sheets of paper each have an impression of Slimer on them!

ON STONEFACE

She grabs the sheets of paper as they waft through the air, trying to grab the impressions of Slimer. She tosses sheet after sheet aside.

STONEFACE
Got ya! No....got ya! No...got ya!

WIDER

A last sheet of paper floats down and she reaches for it -- and a flattened Slimer hops off it to hover right over the press as he rounds out again. Mrs. Stone leaps for him --

MRS. STONE
(ROARS)

-- misses him, falls across the press right into the ink tray!

CLOSE ON OLD STONEFACE

as she rises, steaming, pushes herself off the press. Her lower face and body are covered with black ink.

WIPE TO:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - ANGLE ON STAGE - DAY

The audience of children claps and stomps its feet.

KIDS
(ad-lib)
Boo! Get 'em off! Next! etc.

PUSH IN on the stage -- with scattered scenery flats (one is designed to look like a wall with a high window) and hanging ropes -- to show an embarrassed Catherine, Donald, and Jason. An Asian woman TEACHER hovers over them, her hands on her hips.

TEACHER
You lost your scripts?

DONALD
I -- I had them this morning! Honest!

TEACHER
I'm sorry. If you're not ready to perform, I'll have to disqualify you.

SLIMER (V.O.)
I've got 'em! I've got 'em!

All turn to see --

SLIMER

-- ZOOM onstage, waving the manila envelope. PUSH IN as he stops in front of the Jr. Ghostbusters, and proudly hands Donald the battered, wrinkled and torn envelope.

DONALD
Slimer! The scripts! But where --

WE HEAR an o.s. DOOR OPEN, and,

MRS. STONE (V.O.)
Now I've got you, you little green delinquent!

ON STAGE DOOR

Like Terminator, Old Stoneface looms huge in doorway. Her uniform is torn, muddy and covered with ink. Her face is ink-stained and her hair looks like Medusa's. She looks a bit crazed as she steps in, SLAMS door behind her. MUSICAL STING!

ON SLIMER, JR. GHOSTBUSTERS

Slimer cowers behind the kids as Mrs. Stone approaches. She holds her hand out. With a crocodile smile, she beckons:

MRS. STONE
Come on, kid....

As the Jr. Ghostbusters back away, Stoneface makes a grab for Slimer, who ZOOMS up to the scenery flat with the window in it.

ANGLE

Slimer looks out window as Mrs. Stone begins to climb the wall!

MRS. STONE
You're not getting away now!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly, the scenery flat begins to tilt, pulled by Mrs. Stone. Slimer remains hovering as it tilts, and tilts --

MRS. STONE
(YELLS)
Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh....

-- and falls CRASH! right on top of Old Stoneface! There's a hushed silence...and then she pokes her head right through the flat!

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

The Kids APPLAUD and CHEER.

ON STAGE

Holding a limp and bedraggled script, Donald begins:

DONALD
And now we'd like to --

He's interrupted as Slimer ZOOMS down in front of them, and tries to hide behind Jason. Mrs. Stone lunges INTO FRAME and grabs our little spud with both hands.

SLIMER
Help!

FOOP! Slimer pops out her grasp like a bar of wet soap.

UP ANGLE - ABOVE THE STAGE

Slimer ZOOMS up and grabs a hanging rope. Making like Tarzan, he swings from rope to rope.

SLIMER
(TARZAN YELL)
Ah-ah-ahhhh!

ON OLD STONEFACE

Not to be outdone, she grabs a rope and climbs.

WIDER - ON THE STAGE

to the o.s. SOUND of LAUGHTER, Stoneface swings after Slimer.

CLOSE ON MRS. STONE

Swinging through FRAME, she lets go of one rope to grab another -- and the rope pulls loose and she DROPS down OUT OF FRAME!

MRS. STONE
(decrescendo YELL)
Ahhhhhhh.....!

UP ANGLE - ON THE FLIES

The rope pulls taut -- and pulls on a large curtain.

WIDER

Slimer, hanging on a rope, watches Mrs. Stone drop THROUGH FRAME.

MRS. STONE
(decrescendo YELL)
Ahhhhhhh.....!

Then, he's covered in the curtain and falls.

SLIMER (V.O.)
Aaaaaak!

ON STAGE

The Jr. Ghostbusters are ready to begin again -- when Stoneface, Slimer and the curtain fall down, covering them! It looks like a dog fight under the curtain for several beats: dust flies, the curtain is shoved and punched, and WE HEAR YELLS and SHOUTS.

JR. GHOSTBUSTERS, SLIMER, MRS. STONE
(ad lib YELLS)
Ow! Stop it! Ooof! Awwwk! etc.

Then Mrs. Stone shoves the curtain off, stands up triumphantly and pulls something out from under the curtain, announcing:

MRS. STONE
Now I've got you, green kid!

She pulls -- and out comes Jason, whom she's holding upside down by one leg.

THE AUDIENCE

goes nuts, APPLAUDING and LAUGHING.

RESUME SCENE

Old Stoneface glares at Jason and puts him down. The other Jr. Ghostbusters come out from under the curtain, with Slimer cowerng behind Donald. More o.s. CHEERS and WHISTLES.

FEATURING MRS. STONE - AUDIENCE IN B.G

She turns to look at the audience...then nods. They APPLAUD and CHEER even louder.

CLOSE ON MRS. STONE

Her scowl disappears. Almost tentatively, she raises her hands in a victorious boxer's pose. More o.s. APPLAUSE and CHEERS, building to a ROAR of approval. A beat, and then -- Old Stoneface smiles!

ON THE JR. GHOSTBUSTERS

Their jaws drop, in unison!

CATHERINE, JASON, DONALD
(in unison)
She's... she's...<u>smiling</u>!

RESUME MRS. STONE

Slimer comes over, and puts his arm around her. She smiles at him! Then, she curtseys, beaming from ear to ear. The APPLAUSE is THUNDEROUS.

ON THE JR. GHOSTBUSTERS

The Teacher comes over. O.s. APPLAUSE continuous.

TEACHER
It looks like your show is a success ...thanks to that new green kid.

As the Jr. Ghostbusters exchange giggling glances, we

FADE OUT

<u>THE END</u>